

FATE / SERVAFES SCRAMBLE

CHAPTER 3: GET ON WITH IT



It had been the loyal Robin Hood that had decided to wait outside *'The Changing Room'* when his Master and Mashu had entered to get ready for the beach. Already in his swim trunks and a light sweater that was open to reveal his torso, he sat with his arms crossed beneath a palm tree not too far from the entrance.

Like Mashu he had harbored his suspicions about BB's involvement in this second vacation. Historically he had a much more involved background with the self proclaimed *'devilish kouhai'* than most in their vacation party (*perhaps short of Tamamo -- whom he'd uncomfortably spent some time as during Csjeteland*), and it was certainly enough to know that even though she'd screwed up last time she definitely wouldn't give up on... *whatever the hell it was she'd been planning*. Even Gudao who'd been transformed into BB for some few months seemed hesitant to speak of what went on in that girl's twisted mind.

And he was liable to believe the boy had good reason to.

The Archer glanced up at the sun after some time had passed. Ten minutes? Half an hour? It was somewhere in there. It was beginning to be far too long just for a pair of girls to switch into their swimsuits, which made Robin uncomfortable. Gudako had told him to wait outside, that there shouldn't be anything to worry about, but...

"Damn it. Sorry Master, I'm going to go in." The moment he moved to take a step from the tree however, two individuals wandered out of the building. No one had gone in other than Gudako and Mashu that he could remember, but those that wandered out... The Alter version of Artoria and a multi-armed doll of some sort? Both carrying brooms. **"Wait--"**

"Ah, ah, ah, Green Tea-san!" About to run up to the Alter to question her, a slender grip on his shoulder and the chime of a familiar voice seized Robin Hood from

behind. **"To think you were waiting outside like a good guard dog! If you're going to go snooping around then that just won't do, you know!?"**

"BB!" After spinning around her fears were confirmed. There she was in all her summer Mooncancer glory, a mischievous smile present. Not offering him much of a chance to yell at her, she thrust her pointer at his lips and ducked around him, taking a look at his body.

"You know you aren't half bad looking? Not as pretty or handsome as senpai, but it would be a shame to turn you into a pig!" The 'I'm going to turn you into a pig' thing again? This was going to be just like last summer at this rate. **"So why not turn you into a cow instead!? Well, not a literal cow... Hm... Oh! That woman will do!"**

"So you're still up to the same tricks? Do you really think you'll get away with it this time?" BB, on the other hand, didn't open to her mouth to reply. Instead she merely reached for his swimsuit boxers and allowed an energy of sorts to flow into them. They glowed a moment before a POP sounded, leaving a pink with purple flowered girl's swimsuit bottom in its place. Needless to say, the whole ass bulge of his dick was on display. **"What the hell!?"**

"Like I said, Green Tea-san! You're going to be a cow! Come moo for me when you're done changing, okay!?" Robin went to summon his bow to point an arrow right at her head, but before he could she'd disappeared. And besides... what he summoned wasn't a bow. It was an unexpectedly heavy katana that he very quickly put away.

'Damn it. She already got me.' Robin wasn't the type to monologue aloud for no reason. He also knew that he'd have to accept the inevitable now that it was already happening. His mentality at this point was basically *'get on with it'*. Whatever form that girl had decided for him, it couldn't be any worse than being that fox.

The thief had an idea regarding why BB had decided to try this again -- the one who'd changed them back the first time, da Vinci... She wasn't the same now. Her powers were weaker. Maybe BB thought if she got away with it this time things would be stuck the way they were. But she was taking a pretty big risk doing the exact same thing she'd done before.

Robin's thoughts on the matter began to dull as he felt the technique BB had used begin to tickle his Saint Graph. Knowing what was going to happen it was easier just to let it happen. At the very least it would make the physical changes less surreal to experience. He still hadn't the foggiest idea whom that bikini bottom belonged to but he couldn't help that he'd be in her head space in just a few moments.

Maybe he'd gotten his hopes up about the physical changes being less surreal, however, and maybe keeping his arms crossed over his chest hadn't been the best

of ideas. Because with how dramatic the changes had to be in that area it was *there* that they began.

No notice was paid as nipples grew erect because his arms were nestled just below his chest. Likewise, such a feeling could easily be chalked up to being stimulated by the cool breeze that bellowed in from the nearby ocean. It wasn't until accumulation began to occur beneath each point and the skin around them was slowly forced outward that green eyes wandered down to meet the beginning of the end... *of a healthy back.*

"**Hm.**" Robin didn't uncross his arms and instead allowed his pectorals to be swallowed by softness with little to no resistance. It wasn't like he didn't remember what it was like to have breasts at this point, after all the fox had possessed a rather substantial pair. Skin inevitably began to peep over the edge of his arms with nowhere else to go, fat rippling through them as increased size afflicted a pair of areola that were growing both bumpier and wider, erected nipples standing truer against the cold breeze as if leading the charge into battle.

He'd expected their growth to stop soon, but there was little sign that was *actually* going to happen. The unzipped sides of his sweater were promptly pushed away as breasts grew not only forward but out to the sides, the lip that had travelled over his arms eventually consuming them in their entirety. He could feel how heavy they were not only by lifting them under his arm's strength but also in his back. "**Hold on.**" Robin began to show a little panic as his body lurched forward from the additional mass, eventually freeing his arms so that he could use his hands to try and lift either tit up and lessen the burden.

Nipples had become dark purple at the tips of a pair of gargantuan mammories that each stood bigger than his own head on their own. His fingers dug into their soft and jiggly forms as he attempted to keep them upright, fat kneaded in his grasp only serving to stimulate his dick and have it rub against the bikini bottom prison it was trapped within below. Were anyone else around Robin no doubt would have been labeled some kind of sick pervert.

Robin exhaled, and almost as if timed to the gesture he found himself able to straighten his back as muscles tightened behind him. Well, he now knew who he was becoming. If the giant tits dangling sloppily from his chest weren't a big enough clue, the fact that his healthy skin color had all but slipped away from the breasts in the meantime. They were eerily pale. "**Raikou. Great.**"

He could have sworn he'd heard BB go "**DING DING! CORRECT!**" somewhere off in the distance.

There were plenty of reasons to not like where this was going. Raikou might as well have been the hourglass figure personified, for one, but her personality was... "**If I'm to enforce public morals I can't walk around looking like this-- !?**" It seemed even considering the woman's personality was enough to provoke himself to blurt

something out. Fortunately he wasn't becoming her Berserker self, and so none of that 'mother' personality would bleed in. However this was barely less troubling. In response to 'his' concern, the sweater he'd be wearing loosely began to pill inward and tighten around his shoulders. It wasn't painful in the very beginning, but somehow the cloth had moved in conjunction with the collapse of his shoulders, narrowing the distance they needed to cover.

Cotton then slid free of each shoulder, revealing them to be soft and womanly, and pale as his bosom as the material grew thinner and thinner, covering less and less of his torso in the process. Sleeves? They were gone, which allowed him to see the white creeping up his tanned arms and eating at his masculine muscle mass. Slender spaghetti arms were left in their place, but somehow the strength he felt from them was more than he'd ever felt before. All the way around the entirety of his back and across the sides, all that remained of his sweater was ultimately a pair of thin black straps that would connect to a pair of purple patches positioned just across his nipples, the same pattern the bikini bottom had nestled in the corner of each.

A bikini top, surely. Yet did this cover enough to enforce public morals? The top was snug, maybe a little too snug, and pinned the huge breasts beneath them upright. It didn't prevent how they jiggled with every heave of his chest, but considering their size he presumed it was inevitable.

Robin's arousal had begun to fade. He wasn't stimulated any longer, and as his mind began to interpret his changing form as 'accurate' it was difficult to see it as attractive to himself personally. His boner subsided in kind, but maybe it took the memo a little too literally? For any bulge in the bikini bottom at all had all but dissipated.

The familiar sensation of cock and balls being sucked into her body causing *her* to wince a moment. "**And there it goes!**" The pitch of her voice was much higher now, but it was also beginning to carry a mature charm as well. "**It was indecent, it's for the best.**" And *there* was more of Raikou's personality.

Pale skin had swept across her stomach and traveled southward, said torso stretching in slight to help accommodate her body into Raikou's taller form as the sides of her stomach pinched inward. Slender, womanly fingers grazed her tummy, noting the raw strength of her abdominal muscles and playfully tickling her own belly button a moment. Supporting her chest with her body had become ten times easier now that her back was laced with the same strength of her arms, and its arch had become a charm point as it slid into her ass.

And that ass was getting *big*. With no dick in the front to make the process uncomfortable, ass cheeks began to fill out the bikini bottom properly. It had fit even when she was a man, but the material was meant to stretch to meet the curvature of a woman's body and leave little to the imagination. The indentation of her butt crack in the swimsuit became more and more pronounced as mass expanded outward, the underside of her behind jutting out several inches while the

lengthening of legs below caused the mass to sway and jiggle within their container. As the bottom was stretched more and more, the lips of her pussy could be seen pressing into the underside of the purple, though thankfully she kept herself clean shaven to avoid any hair doing the same.

The fat in her legs had momentarily thinned as legs became longer and more slender, their color too sapped from healthy to a pale purple-y white, but that fat would rapidly return with the vengeance. To match the size of her swollen peach ass her thighs suddenly burst with overflowing abundance, a ripe bounty of soft and sensual fat that gave womanly shape to a pair of appendages that otherwise might have seemed stalky with how long they'd grown. Under the light of the morning sun they glistened, liable to entice man and woman alike. Even inner thighs served as a seduction point, flesh hanging from her bone as attached to her behind.

Idly she reached down to tighten the ties holding the bottom in place, not noticing that her fingers on the right were now bound in a black gauntlet that ran to her elbow, lime green stripes running up its length.

"This is troublesome. I felt like BB wanted me to tell her something." Because Robin hadn't put up much of a resistance Raikou's personality was quickly seeded. He'd chosen not to fight it, and so *she* was coming along nicely. Orange hair had become significantly darker while the rest of her body had undergone the most prominent changes, and purple locks spilled all the way to the sand below, bound only at the bottom by one unbelievable tie.

Her face, too, no longer sported the features of an English man but had become blessed with the traits of a Japanese woman. Her gaze was narrow, eyes having darkened from pale green to purple, and lips had grown exponentially thicker to the point that they almost looked needy. Paired with a smile she couldn't seem to dismiss and a softer jaw line, one might mistake her for the young mother of a child playing by the beach side.

The sandals around her feet darkened as they lengthened to accommodate toes that were simultaneously bonier and more feminine, her heel sharper than it had been. An iron legging that matched the gauntlet on her right arm bound itself to her left leg -- a little insurance in case anyone got a little *too* unruly at the beach.

Minamoto no Raikou paused a moment, hair swaying from side to side as she turned her head to look around. Robin Hood had given himself up to the changes and now he was trapped in this new state of being even if he didn't like it. There simply wasn't anything he could do.

If Raikou could remember properly, hadn't BB asked her to meet here?

"Heyo, Raikou-san!" The girl's mischievous voice sounded from behind the adult, fingers on Raikou's shoulder alarming her at the same time. She spin around to find herself glancing down at the Mooncancer expectantly. It wasn't like this girl to want

to meet with the Japanese swordswoman. Perhaps she wished to praise her for maintaining moral superiority by the ocean? **“Don’t you have something to say to me!?”**

It was an odd question, but Raikou felt as if she knew the answer. **“...Moo?”**

“BINGO!”